SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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Principles of Nature.

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

BY LAURA WEBB.

"It is right to profess an important truth at all times; because, if we may not hope that it will be immediately acknowledged, still it may so prepare the minds of others, as one day to produce greater impartiality of judgment, and the consequent triumph of light."—SILVIO PELLICO.

Magician, cease thy arts, nor think so low;
A mind of equal power shall ever bow;
Point thy gaunt finger at some idiot head,
And wave thy hand, so powerful and so dread,
Before the eye of some perverted mind,
Who sees not in thee, fellow of his kind.
Fix thy full eye on one whose *faith* is strong,
So shall thy witchery last, and the deceit prolong.

But think not thou shalt e'er obtain control
O'er one whose reason ever guards his soul;
Who, taught the laws of Nature to adore,
Has sought, in records past, the ancient lore
Of Egypt and Chaldea; there traced the sages,
And scanned, with careful eye, their mystic pages;
Seen through their arts, and all their powerful flummery— [mery!
O strange, that man will be deceived with mum-

Nay, stop. Dost think that when my teeth complan,
Thy waving finger can assuage the pain;
Can stop the anguish of an aching jaw,
And heal it sound, without a stain or flaw?
Oh, to some one, some friend, the power impart
To soothe the anguish of a breaking heart—
To bid my pulse its equilibrium keep,
And soothe my spirit to a quiet sleep.
Then, should magnetic power bring blessed peace;
My faith would then be strong, and all my doubts would cease.

Stop thy defiance, man, and learn to know,
Alike with thee, to Nature's laws I bow.
I feel the power, the tie by Nature given—
Grand chain ethereal—binding Earth to Heaven
No nerves so stubborn but must own the sway—
If rightly touched the chord they will obey—
Whether the mellow breathings of the flute,
Or plaintive warblings of an airy lute,
Soothe the love-stricken swain in secret bower,
Or wake devotion in the twilight hour;—
Or calm the spirit from its fiercer mood,
And turn to harmony the thoughts of blood;
Whether the peal of spirit-stirring drum [come!"
Proclaims with martial sound, "They come, they
Or the loud cannon, with its mighty roar,
Brings to the mind when sounds, from shore to shore,
In echoes long and loud—a thundering peal—
The gorgeous banner and the glittering steel;
Or the proud chief on horse, and gaily dressed,
Prancing his steed, like knight with lance in rest;
Or, further back, our sympathies may go,
When the fierce combat was sustained by bow
And arrows, gaily tipt with gray goose wing,
And sent by giant-strength from powerful spring:
All own unseen the same mysterious sway,
And Man, the lord of all, must this obey.
This silent charm I use, and this alone
The mighty power, which to myself unknown;
Without a wand the spirit I subdue
To balmy rest, and yet to Nature true.

Ha! let me not boast again, for now I feel
Thy potent influence o'er my senses steal;
Each passion still'd, and every nerve at rest;
Quiet the throbbing of this anxious breast;
And through my veins life's current seems to flow
Calm as at summer's eve, when murmuring low
The whistling winds, among the foliage fair,
Sigh a sweet vesper, breathe an evening prayer.

REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.—We are indebted to Prof. Loud of the Georgia Female College, for the following statement, which he obtained from Mr. Baldwin: "A most remarkable electrical phenomenon was seen at the plantation of C. J. Baldwin, Esq., about five miles from Madison, Ga., on the 6th of June. Mr. Baldwin was standing in his back porch, when, immediately after a pretty severe flash of lightning, he observed a ball of fire at sixty or seventy yards from him. When first seen, the ball appeared about a foot in diameter, which instantly began to expand, throwing off beautiful scintilations, until it became ten or twelve feet in diameter, when it disappeared. Mr. B. says it was the most beautiful sight he ever beheld, and lost all fear in admiration. It was visible for nearly a minute—and terrified his family and negroes, but done no other damage.

For the Spiritual Telegraph.

What and Where is the Spiritual World.

S. B. BRITTAN, ESQ:

Sir: Much diversity of opinion obtains relative to the *locality* of the Spiritual World. Some conjecture that it is in the atmosphere, around this and other earths; some that it pervades the atmosphere and all physical bodies on earth, as light or heat pervade them; some that it is in the ether above the atmosphere, girdling the earth like a zone, or surrounding it; some that it is one mile up in the atmosphere; some that it is two; some three, and some that it is about three or seven miles above the atmosphere, &c., &c. The notions of most of the believers in, and advocates of, the Spiritual science and philosophy, appear to me very obscure on this head; not only obscure but, as I conceive, wholly inadmissible, for wherever and whenever we locate the Spiritual World, we must also build up an entire economy of Human Life; we must have all the adjuncts and requisites of it; all the objects and subjects, the means and ends of a truly human economy; else existence there is imperfect, obscure, unsatisfactory, unreal, and, I might say, impossible. Let us look narrowly into this matter. Most spiritualists, with whom I have conversed on this subject, have an idea of the spirit of Man as something exceeding attenuated, rarified and sublimated; that when it passes out of the body it is a sort of purified, transparent, delicate, ethereal being that floats or darts from place to place, by actual transference, in an ethereal or spiritual atmosphere pervading the material one, or above it at various distances; that it is purely a thinking and feeling being, in a very exquisitely wrought human form, with fine silken delineation of feature, expression, &c. As to whether it is a *sensitive* being, some doubt, some deny, and some have never thought on the subject; a very few, perhaps, affirm that the spirit preserves its sensitive nature entire. Now in consequence of it being impossible for them to imagine the existence of a spirit, without also imagining a world *in* which it exists, and the things and objects of human existence and inseparable from Human life *around* the spirit, they have imagined all things in keeping with this idea of a spirit. They have a rarified earth for them to walk on; a translucent atmosphere in which they see; their hills and valleys around are made of some exceedingly pure material—the purest principles of matter; ethereal trees and gardens and aërial walks; flowers and blossoms, wrought from sunset-clouds or the Aurora Borealis; cloudy houses made of magnetism or electricity; garments woven from light, and landscapes wrought of rainbows, &c., &c., &c. Nine out of every ten with whom I have conversed have this obscure, nay, theological and materialistic notion of spirit and the Spiritual World, or something resembling it. It is the Greek Mythology modernized with its apotheosis extended to all mortals who die. The two-thirds of it is attested alone by the imagination, which, when winged in a certain direction, or on a new theme, is so irrestrainable, and so far outstrips experience and demonstration. In my humble judgment little else than the abstract fact of a Spiritual World, and the existence of the spirit therein, beyond death, has as yet been *unequivocally* demonstrated by the "physical manifestations" now current.

Before giving you my conclusions as to *what* and *where* the Spiritual World is, let me say a word as to what I believe the *spirit* to be, and about which I know there is such a diversity of opinion: The spirit of man is *the* Man; *is* the Man; is the *Man*. The body, when the spirit has left it, is but one hundred and fifty pounds of dirt and dust. All that does not go into the tomb with the corpse, is of the spirit; the body is nothing more than the ground upon which we walk. The spirit is the entire Man, with all his memory, *form*, his intelligent and emotional natures, and his *sensitive* nature; his desires, passions, appetites and propensities. He has a vivid memory of all the events of his life; retains his likes and dislikes; has his rational and intuitive powers perfect and entire, loves, thinks, and *believes*, as he did before. Moreover, he retains his *sensitive* nature, and has a *sensational perception* of all the different objects of his senses. No one can image human life without sensation—without the organs of sense and their objects. Has a spirit not eyes, and does he or she not see? Have they not noses, and do they not smell? Have they not ears, and do they not hear? Have they not hands, and do they not touch? What would be the *use* of noses, eyes, and ears, &c., if through eternity there was nothing to be smelt, seen, nor heard. And, if they have organs of sense, and objects of sense, the latter must be as decided, palbable and tangible to the former as the objects of sense here are to us; in fact, more so, for they are not dulled and benumbed by the corpse Thus the spirit is the *very Man himself*, retaining his entire personal identity, which, if it was altered in any material respect, would be another person or somebody else.

Now, as to *what* and *where* the Spiritual World is. Here is the sum of my thinking on this head: The Spiritual World is the *ideal* world, and the ideal world is the *actual* or *real* world. This world is only the shadow of the ideal or actual world. Take, for illustration, yourself: Your spirit or ideal and emotional self is the *real and actual* Man; your body is a mere fixture or instrument of it, unsubstantial, dependent, frail and perishable. Your ideal self does all, feels all, remembers all, and knows all. So the ideal or Spiritual World is the *real* world, the material world, like your body, is dependent, evanescent, transitory, and perishable; full of mutations, dissolutions, changeableness and unsubstantiality. All that men do, the houses they construct, the machinery they invent, the cities they build, and the governments they institute, &c., are first ideal, or spiritual, before they are natural, or ultimated in matter Thus when you design a palace or hotel you elaborate it in your mind, you see its dimensions, its doors and windows, its entries, halls, and chambers, its stair-ways, porticos, and gardens; it is set forth perceptible to your mental vision, and you, as it were, enter into it, walk through, come out and walk around it, before you have constructed it on earth. Hence the palace or hotel is spiritually or ideally complete before you build it naturally or with brick and mortar. The earthly building soon crumbles to decay; it is fleeting and transitory, while the ideal or spiritual building is as immortal and actual as the spirit of Man that built it. Now, if I could be brought into connection with your mind, or be put *en rapport* with you, so as to see your ideal, this palace would be perceptible to my mental vision in all its beauty and dimensions, and if my consciousness, instead of ultimating in natural and external things, stopped in the actual or ideal, I would see it before me, as an *actual objective reality*, just as the magnetic sleeper, whose physical or external consciousness is paralyzed, sees the mental or ideal creations of his mesmerizer. Put into the mesmeric sleep a dozen of good mesmeric sleepers, and then delineate in idea your hotel, and forthwith they all see it as an objective, tangible and actual existence; it *appears* before them, so high, so wide, of such a design, and in such a place. They go together (in idea or spiritually,) and enter into it, walk through it, come out and walk around it, knowing no otherwise than that it is real, substantial and *bona fide*. And so it is, while the lofty steeple, and ample dome of the earthy castle crumbles into dust, because the one is ideal or spiritual and actual, the other material, or but the fleeting shadow of the ideal—transitory and perishable. Now in the Spiritual World, which is ideal, we live a strictly and much more truly a *human* life. All that is indispensable to, and inseparable from, human life, exists necessarily in our ideal. Thus we can't imagine a human being, without at the same time involving in our idea an earth for him to walk on, an atmosphere for him to breathe, light for him to see in, &c., nor can any one think of himself, without including those indispensable adjuncts of humanity in his thought. The consequence is, that when he leaves the material world, and comes into the Spiritual World, those requisites of his ideal existence attend him, and are as palbable to his sense as any earthly things. So, furthermore, all things of his thought, have there an apparently tangible outgrowth, or external imbodiment, and are in correspondence with the purity and exaltation of his affections, and the clearness, beauty and magnificence of his thought. The stupid, gross and sensual spirit there actualizes his ideal—or rather *realizes the actuality*—and has all things around him in correspondence with his affections, lusts, and appetites, and his thoughts; while the purified and exalted spirit lives in *his* ideal world, having all things in correspondence with his affections and thoughts. With these hints, I will have to leave this part of the subject, lest my letter should grow to a wearisome length, but some mere suggestions as to *what* the Spiritual World is, will appear in treating of the remainder of the subject.

Now, *where* is the Spiritual World? In other words, where are your thoughts and affections? Where are your ideas? Where is the palace you so elaborately designed, spiritually constructed, and set before your mental vision? Not three, five, or seven miles up in the atmosphere, or above it in the ether, certainly. Again: Where are your affections for your wife or your child? Where is your love of the human family, or of God? Is it not very evident that your affections and thoughts are *conditioned* by neither the laws of time nor space? You can't measure them by a two-foot rule or a yard stick; they are neither triangular, round nor square; neither conical, cubical, nor spherical; they can't be weighed, nor chemically analyzed; you can't locate them or give them *place*. So neither is the Spiritual World conditioned by the laws of time and space, however it may *appear* to the mental or spiritual vision of Man. The dream-life furnishes a good illustration of this *non-whereabouts* of the Spiritual World. You lay down upon your bed, and fall asleep; when, forthwith, you are away off, *apparently* many miles, walking in the fields or gardens, conversing with the dead or living, thinking, acting and doing; enjoying, fearing and hoping; you see houses and palaces, and enter into them; you see, smell, touch and hear, &c. You feel and know no otherwise than that it is your conscious self that is actually there, thinking, acting and enjoying or fearing—the *very* man himself. It is to you, then, a real existence. The houses or palaces *appear* to you of such and such dimensions and designs; the landscape appears to you so broad, and the hills so high; one object here, and another there; you have all your senses, and they their corresponding objects; you have every necessary adjunct or requisite of human existence. But you awake, and upon reflecting on your dream, you never think of giving it a *locality*; of the houses and palaces, fields and gardens, being three or four mile up in the atmosphere or above it in the ether! You never think of the houses being built of magnetism, or the trees and flowers made of rays of light or rainbow-tints! Suppose you had dreamed on, and your life become more vivid and real to your consciousness, and everything around you accurately delineated and clearly and distinctly defined, and you had met some of your deceased friends or relatives, (without even taking a thought that they were dead, as we scarcely ever do in dreams,) and you had associated with them and enjoyed them, and we on earth had buried your body in the grave, *where* would have been the *locality* of your existence? where would those *scenes* have been? Where were the visions of John, the Apocalyptic Revelator? He says he was "*in the spirit* on the Lord's-day," and no doubt he was. So the Spiritual World, being an ideal world, appears to the spiritual or ideal vision of man as an actual, tangible, outer or objective reality, yet truly *unconditioned* by time or space; and to ask *where* it is, is like asking where are the houses, fields and gardens we see in our dreams.

But why "*appears?*" Why do times and spaces appear in the Spiritual World if it, and the things of it, are not conditioned and controlled by their laws? Why, the truth is, that times and spaces, any and everywhere, are only *appearances* of the ideal; all we know of them is only ideal. We have an idea of a thousand miles, but our idea is not a thousand miles long. We have an idea of a ton weight, but that idea don't weigh a ton; and when our consciousness is transferred from natural or material life to ideal or spiritual life, those ideas appear externally actualized, just as the house seen in our dreams appears so high and so wide. Hence all the glories and beauties, the magnificence and splendor of the Heavens, and the Heaven of Heavens, find their habitation in the ideal or spiritual nature of man, and in the Spiritual World appear thus externally actualized and are as immortal as the memory of man; while the things of earth continually dissolve away, and perish ever.

It would be interesting to pursue the subject further, and show how the *state* of the affectional and intelligent nature of each spirit determines his condition in the world of ideas and emotions, and how thus they are brought into consociation and community—but my letter is already longer than I intended it should be.

Respectfully, your ob't. serv't.

W. S. COURTNEY.

PITTSBURG, August 15, 1852.

THE KINGDOM OF HARMONY.—Castil Blase, the founder of musical criticism in France, and translator and arranger of more than twenty of the works of Weber, Rossini and Mozart, which have made the fortune of the theaters, has just published the first Volume of his *Moliere Musicien*, a work of great originality, written in his peculiar style, full of rare and curious anecdotes, and containing a history of music from the beginning of the 17th century. He distributes the first offices and dignities in the past Empire of Harmony thus:

MOZART	King.
GLUCK	Prime Minister.
MEHUL	First Secretary.
HANDEL	Minister of Worship.
HAYDN	Chancellor.
BEETHOVEN	Generalissimo.
CHERUBINI	Minister of Public Instruction.
BACH (Sebastian)	Minister of Justice.
WEBER (C. M.)	Intendent of the Opera.
SPOHR	Master of the Chapel Royal.
MENDELSSOHN	Minister General of Concerts.
PAER	Keeper of Museum of Antiquities.
MEYERBEER	Banker of the Court.
ROSSINI	Furnisher of Crown Diamonds.
SPONTINI	Artillerist.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 4.

ALL BEING FREE, EACH MUST ANSWER FOR HIMSELF; AND WHERE NO RESTRICTIONS ARE IMPOSED, NO ACCOUNTABILITY WILL BE ACKNOWLEDGED. S. B. B.

POST OFFICE DELINQUENCIES.

That 'there is something rotten' in the United States as well as 'in Denmark', is abundantly manifest to us, from the complaints which come in from all quarters that the TELEGRAPH and SHEKINAH are not received. These publications are mailed as they are ordered, with the utmost care and promptness. The TELEGRAPH is invariably despatched to every subscriber on, or before, Thursday—two or three days before it is dated—and yet, in several instances, it has not reached Newark, N. J., Williamsburgh, L. I., and other places within fifty miles of our office, in a less time than *six or eight days*. Scarcely a mail arrives that does not bring us some complaint that our paper is not received. In numerous instances it fails of reaching its destination altogether.

The SHEKINAH has suffered severely from this cause, a large portion of the edition of No. 4 having failed to reach the subscribers. We think it has cost us some *fifty dollars* for the duplicate copies of the last number, which we have been obliged to send to our patrons; and still every day brings the unwelcome announcement from some subscriber, that No. 4 is not received. This evil is becoming insufferable, and demands a most searching investigation. Will the subscribers, who may have failed to receive either of these works, go to the Post Office, located at the place where they respectively reside, and *insist* on an immediate and careful search among all the papers and magazines remaining in the office. Several subscribers have taken this course and have obtained their copies; and the Postmasters or their clerks have, in the last extremity, offered the most foolish excuses for their negligence of duty. One man, Mr. Clark Williams, called, week after week, for his paper, and was as often told that 'it did not come.' We wrote to him to *demand* his paper at the Post Office; he did so and, after some hesitation, received it with the flimsy apology that it was directed, C. Williams. Thus the paper was retained for several weeks in succession, *because the first name was not written in full*, notwithstanding no other person called for that paper.

Our special attention will hereafter be given to several cases of *pious pilfering*, and we desire our patrons, in all parts of the country, to aid us in finding out the authors of this mischief. Especially we wish the subscribers in Lynn, Mass.; Providence, R. I.; Waterloo, N. Y.; Saratoga Springs, N. Y.; Chicago, Ill.; Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati, Ohio; to institute careful inquiries at their respective Post Offices, as the fourth number of the SHEKINAH, and each successive number of the TELEGRAPH have been carefully mailed to all our patrons in those places, of which we can furnish the most convincing evidence.

We have ascertained the facts in one case and they will serve to illustrate the peculiar tenderness of an office-holder's conscience. The Postmaster, a rigid sectarian, *refused to deliver a Spiritual paper*—he being in favor of *materialism*, we suppose—when it was called for, on account of the principles it inculcated. If such men have nothing in their religion, or in themselves, to make them observe the principles of common honesty, *we* shall institute such other means as may be at our command, with a view to our own protection against future losses, and having a wise regard to the salvation of these conscientious public servants. Among the most efficient measures, hitherto adopted, for reforming depraved morals the *removal* of offenders, from the scence of temptation, is the most effectual. We shall do what we can to secure the practical results of this measure when other means may fail. In the mean time, no one need hesitate a moment to subscribe for the SHEKINH or TELEGRAPH, through fear of not receiving all the numbers of these works, for *they shall be supplied, to the full extent of their subscriptions, at whatever cost to us.*

SPIRIT RAPPINGS.

Mr. ORVILLE HATCH, of Franklin, Conn., has become insane, he having devoted considerable attention to the subject of *Spirit rappings*. Mr. HATCH is a farmer, and has been instrumental in introducing many important improvements in agriculture into the town in which he resides.

This is only one of many cases in which insanity has resulted from mental anxiety on this subject of Spirit Rappings. Of course this fact has strictly no bearing on the real character of these exhibitions. Insanity often results from excessive absorption in religious topics, in politics, in business affairs, &c,, &c.; and yet these various themes lose none of their importance on that account. But it does seem deplorable that so serious calamities should attend upon a subject so paltry and pitiful in all its innocent results. If great benefits were conferred upon the world as an offset to these great misfortunes,—if new revelations of its destiny and duty were made to the race in exchange for these occasional instances of mental wreck, we might be content with the surplus of advantages, and consider the attendant evils as only part of the price we must pay for anything valuable.

But we have no such consolations. Granting everything to be true which these spirit-rappers claim; conceding even that these demonstrations are made by disembodied spirits, our respect for them is not sensibly augmented. Upsetting tables, rocking bureaus, deranging chairs, and hammering upon doors, is all small business for beings that have left the earth, and are supposed to be engaged in more important affairs. Their answers to questions asked, however great the knowledge they display concerning secrets of the past, indicate no *advance* in intelligence since their departure from the body. Not one of them pretends to have solved any of the mysteries of nature; to have revealed anything new concerning the future destiny of the soul; to have elucidated any of the mysteries of the Universe; to have added anything whatever to the sum of human knowledge, or smoothed in the least the difficult path of human endeavor. The spirits (if spirits they are) have thus far acted in a way by no means adequate to their pretensions. Their conduct tends essentially to lessen our respect for their "cloth." If passing into the higher sphere of existence works no greater change than they have manifested, it is scarcely worth while to leave the flesh. We know quite as much already as they can tell us. Men can rap on tables, and even tip them over, without being disimbodied; and we don't see any special advantage in bringing persons from the other world to do what can be done equally well—if it were worth doing at all—by persons still in this.

It seems to us, therefore, a great waste of time for intelligent people, who have *duties* to perform to their fellow-men here, to be puzzling their brains about these frivolous common-places. Suppose the rappings *are* the work of spirits—who cares? What odds does it make? What good do they do? And how can any man become wiser, or better, or able to do more good by listening to them—and trying to find out from them what he already knows from a much better source? Suppose they *can* tell just when or where and how your great-great-grandmother died:—is it news to you? When they will come with any message of consequence—with any revelation of new spiritual truths—any novel declaration of duty for our guidance in life, it may be worth while then to scrutinize their pretensions more closely. But no sensible man should waste his time, and puzzle his brain, upon such stupid inanities as have thus far formed the staple of all these exhibitions. Where they come from, we neither know nor care. If spirits are at the bottom of them, we think they might be in better business. So long as Millerism, Mormonism, Latter Saint-ism, and other crotchets of distempered brains are still extant, to become crazy on, it seems to us in very bad taste to select so paltry a performance as this of Spirit-Rapping as a means of becoming insane.

REMARKS.—We extract the foregoing from a late number of the *New York Daily Times*. A short time before, the same paper expressed its wonder that any one could believe in the reality of spiritual intercourse, and regarded it as one of the marvels of the day, that so paltry a "humbug" should have lasted so long. The writer seems now, from the foregoing, to have got by the point of the "reality;" thus drawing his slow length along far behind the thousands and tens of thousands, who have had the sense to investigate for themselves and form an opinion agreeably to the dictates of their reason and the evidence of their senses.

It is a matter of comparatively small moment to any one on earth, but that writer himself, what is the state of his belief or unbelief, ignorance and knowledge, on the subject; and the above extract is made merely because it is a fair illustration of the manner, in which the great mass of the unthinking treat the subject of Spiritual intercourse—the most momentous and interesting, if it be a reality, which can occupy the attention of man.

They oppose it, as it were by instinct, refuse to examine it or to learn anything about it, and in speaking of it, manifest at once bitter hatred and the most lamentable ignorance. And as the masses progress in knowledge, these are drawn slowly along in their train, hugging still their cherished errors and warring against the light of information.

However natural or harmless this might be, in a private individual, one could hardly expect, in an enlighted age, that it could be permitted to be true of one who assumes the control of a public journal, and thus to be a teacher among men.

What would be thought of an editor, who, when some philosopher should offer to demonstrate the discovery of the steam engine or the magnetic telegraph, should refuse to examine the subject, and pronounce them to be humbugs and deceptions?

He might find, among those who are his fellows in ignorance and obstinacy, sympathy with his feelings, but he would be laughed at, or wept over, by the enlightened, for his presumption and folly. He might make the groundlings laugh, but he would cause the judicious to grieve, and shame and confusion of face would ultimately overwhelm him.

So it will yet be with those who thus treat the subject of Spiritual Intercourse, and a worse punishment could not be inflicted upon the writer of the above extract, than to preserve carefully all he has said and may yet say on this subject, and two or three years hence present to the view of himself and his readers.

It is vain to ask why this is so, for such has been the treatment, in all ages of the world, which any new discovery of the laws of Nature has received at the hands of ignorance and bigotry. Galileo was put to the rack for insisting that the earth revolved around the sun—the first steamboat was called "Fulton's Folly"—and all remember what a fool Professor Morse was at one time regarded by some.

Although that writer seems to have got beyond his starting point of denying the existence af Spiritual Intercourse, there are plenty yet left behind him on the plane of ignorance he has been forced from. To such, this question might well be addressed: What is that which now, for some five years, has occupied the attention of so many persons—which has challenged and received the severest scrutiny which the acutest minds and the most accomplished science could devise, and which is yet believed by tens of thousands of intelligent persons, and which is extending its circle of believers with marvelous celerity? Is it a humbug and a deception, think you? or something worth looking into?

To those however, who, like the writer, ask what is the use of it all, another answer may be given. Surely neither he nor they can expect to find, in the columns of such ephemeral publications as his, a channel for our communicating to mankind the great religious truths which are now being revealed to us. We are taught not thus to waste pearls. People must go to the book-stores and search and study among the more than a hundred volumes already published on this subject, and they will soon find an answer to their inquiry which will startle them, and such as them, from their blissful, because unconscious, slumber.

But we advise them not to do so, unless they are prepared or willing to abandon at once and forever every feeling which could prompt to such an article as the above. For so sure as they do investigate, so sure it is that they will believe. They can not help themselves. And then a long farewell to all those baser passions and influences, which are constantly embroiling society in endless conflicts, and which seem indispensable to the making of a good controversialist in either politics or religion.

In the meantime, the bare possibility of error might suggest itself to a candid and careful mind as a *caution* against the exposure that must, sooner or later, visit such exhibitions as the foregoing article displays.

The Higher and Lower Law.

"The world shows its appreciation of the labors of great reformers by an abundance of *stones*—hurling them as missiles at the bodies of these 'fanatics,' while alive, and heaping them as monuments above the bones of the same 'fanatics' after death."

And runs too often after the weak "fanatics" and higher-law rogues and demagogues of the day; and puts up military idols to the detriment of civilians. A spirit-rapper is placed above a Newton, and a Mormon preacher beyond a Wesley, Calvin and Fenelon. *Exchange.*

It so happens that *the world* does not believe in, nor practically acknowledge, any higher law than those of its own creation. It is true the individual is permitted to esteem the conscience to be as sacred as the constitution—so long as he does not *act* on this conviction. The government pays a Chaplain to stand up in the Halls of Congress and *pray to a higher power*; but this does not mean anything in particular; any other than a mere *verbal* acknowledgment of the existence and paramount authority of such a power, is the greatest of all political heresies. Deity is admitted, in so many words, to be superior to the President of the United States, but this is only a sort of *conventional courtesy* observed out of respect to the memory of the puritans.

The military idols, we presume, are most worshiped by those who have no other God, and no higher law than such as find their sanction in human governments, and in the selfishness of a misguided ambition. As to Newton, he was rather a dreamer in his day, and among vulgar minds; John Wesley entertained a "spirit.rapper" at his own house, and had numerous manifestations, of which we recently gave an authentic account in the Telegraph; while Calvin and Fenelon believed in a "higher law" than any that then governed the world or the church, and on this account, were illustrious heretics in their time.

Does not the world—*the mass of men*—run, for the most part, after the *lower*-'law rogues.'

Psychology and Camp-Meetings.

The various psychical conditions, of which man is susceptible, may be induced by a variety of causes. The physical and mental states, exhibited in the phenomena which sometimes occur at religious meetings, are not unlike those produced by the processes of vital and mental magnetism. We have not space, in this connection, to attempt a philosophical disquisition, but name the subject for the purpose of stating a fact.

Mrs. M*****, a lady of our acquaintance, and the wife of a physician who resides in Brooklyn, recently attended a camp-meeting, where, during the excitement that prevailed, a young lady fell into a *trance*, in which she remained several hours. All efforts to bring her back to a state of external consciousness had been unavailing, until our friend resorted to the process of *manipulation*, which soon had the effect to restore the normal exercise of the faculties.

Spiritual Starving and Stealing.

It is a fearful ordeal to which some famishing spirits, in these days, appear to be driven. They have been fed on theological husks until their leanness of soul prompts them to devour the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH wherever they can find it. One gentleman informs us—we speak seriously—that the subscribers, in his neighborhood, have been obliged to stop their papers at the Railroad Station, a mile from the village, in order to avoid their being stolen! Poor, hungry souls! send in your names; we had rather forward the paper *free* than that you should rob those who have paid for it, or damage your own consciences.

Rapping through the Clergy.

A correspondent in Massachusetts writes us that there is considerable excitement in Woborne, owing to the circumstance of the Rev. Mr. Parsons becoming a medium for the rappings. It is said that this orthodox divine has been obliged to discontinue preaching, on account of his public labors in the pulpit being disturbed by the sounds. Our correspondent intimates that Mr. P— went to South Boston, and that the invisible rappers took passage with him, and announced their presence on his arrival.

Behind the Door.

We are expecting a new subscriber from Newtown, Conn., very soon. A friend informs us that a good Presbyterian brother in that place, whose piety and prudence are in harmonious relations, is accustomed to "read the TELEGRAPH BEHIND THE DOOR." Read on, brother, until thy spirit shall receive strength sufficient to enable thee to crawl from thy hiding place.

Convention of Spiritualists.

The following letter from Bro. Hewitt did not reach us in time for our last issue. It will be perceived that it gives a very different version of the late Convention from that which has been published in secular journals of Boston and other places.

Our observations, thus far, seem to warrant the conclusion that, it is unwise for partially developed media—if constantly liable to be exercised—to mingle in large assemblies when the doors are open to all. The elements which compose such bodies must, necessarily, be inharmonious, and we deem it quite as impossible, under such circumstances, to obtain any very satisfactory results—through media who are magnetically susceptible—as it would be to get the best rendering of "Sweet Home" by hanging a stringed instrument in a north-east storm.

EDITOR.

MY DEAR BROTHER BRITTAN:

You have doubtless seen notices already of the meeting assembled in Boston, on Friday, August 6th, for the purpose of organizing the Spiritual movement somewhat, in this region. But whether you have or not, it occurred to me that you and your readers might be interested to know something of the details of the movement, how the thing is viewed by the public here—especially by the public press of Boston—and the results thus far of this important gathering.

To begin, then, I may remark that, considering the almost entirely *private* notice of this Convention, and that sent to only *fourteen* towns in the Commonwealth, beyond the borders of Boston, the numbers which attended its meetings were large beyond all precedent. There could not have been less than three hundred present, on the average, during the three sessions that were held in the day and evening. Where shall we find a parallel in the mere infancy of any movement whatever? I freely confess I never saw or heard of the like before

Well, what signify *numbers* in a case like this? Do *many people* make the things *true* which they advocate? Truly not; but they have something do with interest and zeal in the cause they espouse. And if the unusual number gathered in Washingtonian Hall on the 6th of August, 1852, considering the limited and private notice of the meeting, be not an indication of an intense interest in the cause of Spiritualism, I am unable to interpret the fact.

But numbers were not the only indication we had of interest in the movement. There were men and women there—and they were numerous too—who were possessed of heads and hearts which will not suffer in comparison with many absent ones I wot of, who had *other* work to do, because they loved it more. The meeting was conducted in an orderly and profitable manner, for the most part, and gave eminent satisfaction to the friends of the movement. Much interesting experience was related by the speakers who addressed the meeting, and some speculations of a philosophical character were now and then interspersed, concerning the *rationale* of Spiritual phenomena. We also had some speaking from, or through, the mediums, which, although not according to the common rules or order of speaking, was nevertheless of an interesting character in its thought, as well as in the novelty of its method. Two young men were the speaking-mediums alluded to, who have never spoken in public before they were thus moved to do it, and who, in their ordinary states, would be quite too diffident to address a congregation, if indeed they were qualified in other respects. Nevertheless, they spoke boldly, and ofttimes, in very beautiful diction, too, much to the satisfaction of many who listened to the spirits' word.

The *object* of this Convention was the organization of the believers in this region, so that a new and wise interest might be given to the Spiritual cause. It was contemplated, by some, to form a State assiociation, but that matter was deferred to a later date; and the organization of a Spiritual Conference, for Boston and the region round about, was proposed, and partly matured during the session.

The outside public say all sorts of things about the Convention, for which, we thank God and take courage, knowing, as we do, full well, that *everything*, whether *pro* or *con*, will be providentially made to conduce to the extension of the Truth. The public press of Boston is characteristic still in its disposition to vilify and caricature whatever is new and unpopular. The *Olive Branch*, in particular—which might, with more propriety, be called a *leaf* from the *Upas*—has sunk itself the lowest of any one, not excepting those preëminently moral and manly secular dailies—the *Boston Herald*, *Bee*, *Mail*, and *Times*. I venture to say that, such a tissue of falsehood, slang, and abuse, was never before expressed in so eminently laconic and classic a style, since Protestant Methodism began with S. F. Norris. I would like to ask that *gentleman*, if he would not be full as well employed in *living* the doctrine of an article in a late number of his paper, entitled "Suppose"? The writer there puts the query: "Why not suppose *good*?" And he reiterates this question in relation to some very frivolous matters, too, such as *fashionable ladies*, and the *length of their purse!* and would not have us *suppose evil of them*, because *we* may not know how "*deep their purse is*?" "Out of thine own mouth, will I condemn thee," thou that *sayest* and *dost not*.

The *results* of the Convention are as good, thus far, as we could expect. We have since fully organized the "Boston Conference of Spiritualists," which will hold its meetings weekly, for the advancement of Spiritual light. It is designed to have these meetings what the *name* of the body designates—a *conference* of minds concerning *Spiritual Truth*. We do not intend to throw away what the Past has given us, either in this or in other directions, in our acceptance of the *new light*. It is simply *Spiritual* truth that we now seek, whereby to illustrate more fully the beauty and heavenly efficacy of that RELIGION of which JESUS is a *perfect human embodiment*, and of whose *practical application* the world has preëminent need. Very truly,

S. C. HEWITT.

Cambridgeport, Aug. 15, 1852.

From the "Pleasure Boat."

It will be remembered that Mr. Haven, who writes the subjoined communication, was made the subject of some unfavorable remarks by a female correspondent who wrote us, some weeks since, from Worcester, Mass., claiming to be heard in an honest statement of facts. At that time we knew nothing of Mr. Haven from any source whatever, and hence, without assuming the statement of our correspondent to be true, we took occasion to offer some general observations with a view to promote the exercise of great caution and a scientific judgment among all who might chance to be pursuing the investigation. We urged the apostolic injunction—to "try the spirits"—not merely that fraud and imposture might be detected, but also to relieve those whose claims are founded in sincerity and truth, from unfriendly suspicions; and, especially, that Error might be rejected by the rational soul, and Truth, alone be received and honored by its friends. The case before us, in its present aspect, illustrates the necessity that prompted the remarks which prefaced Mrs. T.'s letter. The single expression of ours, to which Mr. Haven appears to take exception, seems to require no other qualification than the following: IF *the statement of our correspondent is correct*—which originally preceded the allusion to Jonah.

We cheerfully give place to the letter from Mr. Haven. From all the information we now have it would appear that he was misrepresented, intentionally or otherwise—we would fain hope otherwise—in Mrs. T.'s communication. This conviction is strengthened by a recent interview with an intelligent and much esteemed lady, who resides in Worcester and is personally acquainted with the medium of the "Pleasure Boat." We take pleasure in recording the fact that Mr. Haven is commended, by the person just referred to, as a gentleman of strict integrity and unassuming deportment.

WORCESTER, August 12, 1852.

MR. EDITOR: I wish to state a few facts concerning the communication of Mrs. T., in your paper of the 7th of August. Her statement I should not consider worthy of the slightest notice, were it not for the editorial preface to her letter.

1. Those signs were in the possession of the Circle during two of its meetings, and were not pronounced Hebrew by any one; and further, none of the circle told Mrs. T. that they were, by any authority.

2. The Circle was warned of those who would endeavor to break its harmony, by secret means, and she was pronounced an impostor by two mediums, and that her signs were sent in for the purpose of deceiving.

3. The following were some of the communications received, while her "signs" were on the table: "Beware of the secret enemy." "Be not deceived by such worthless trash." "Be watchful, for deceivers are endeavoring to throw their *dirty* luggage on board." "These things are sent in to try you—heed them not." "Breakers are in the path of the 'Pleasure Boat'; trust in thy helmsman, and let those floating things sent forth to wreck the 'Pleasure Boat' be avoided." "Beware of wolves in sheep's clothing; beware of the serpent that hides but to sting; but above all, beware of *goats* in sheep's clothing, for the wolves having deceived, show to the world that they are wolves, but the *goats* still claim to be sheep of the true fold that they may deceive again. Beware! beware! beware of goats in sheep's clothing!"

4. The message sent to Mrs. T. was not claimed as a translation of the signs.

5. I never made any pretensions that I could translate signs or the languages, or that I was infallible, and independent of all "outward or exterior circumstances that are always operating upon the mind;" but always stating facts as they were, and speaking my impressions as they fell upon the mind. I left the rest for time to prove, and others to judge the origin of what was said or written. I never have pretended to hold intercourse with the spirits of the other world any further than facts would prove, and so far from making arrogant pretensionf for the sake of notoriety, I have endeavored to keep from the public gaze as

much as possible; and have so far succeeded that some of my best, and in other respects most intimate, friends know nothing of my connection with this subject. Not that I am ashamed of it, however; far from it; for I esteem it a beacon-light that shall shine into the hearts of men, and make them more holy and pure. And though I may be called a second Jonah, I have the consciousness within, which he had not, of obeying the commands of the spirits, for they (not through me only) bade me come and form a part of the crew of the "Pleasure Boat"; and, I doubt not, when the elements around are disturbed by my presence, they will bid me go, as truly as they bid me come. Until then, I shall go on, giving my influence to help on the "Pleasure Boat" toward its rural harbor in the spirit world.

The above are some of the facts concerning Mrs. T.'s signs and myself. On reading the message I had received to her, I stated that I knew not whether it was a true revelation or not, but would leave her to judge; and I, judging from her actions since, am led to believe that she understood the message aright, and that she could not break a reproof couched in such mild yet significant terms. I only sent her the message received, asking no favors, not even good will, in return. If it pleased or displeased, it was the same to me, having a clear conscience to rest upon. I blame her not for sending the message to you for publication, if her motive was good, yet actions bespeak the motives plainer than words. But she must have been informed of the facts in the case, as stated above, by her confidantes, long before she sent her letter to you. If so, the course she pursued would not stand very high in proof of her love for the cause of Spiritual Truth.

I envy her not the fame she will win among the well-wishers of the cause of Truth; I envy her not the name she will bear when the day of retribution comes, for the way of the hypocrite is unpleasant, and the deceiver will be ashamed of the day of his wrong; I envy her not the spirit that has dictated her actions for the last six months; I envy her not the character she has already established among those who know her. O, no; I can but pity her, and wish that the feelings that now find a dwelling in her heart may be eradicated, by the influence of Spiritual Truth upon that heart which I believe scorns the subject of Spirit communion, as the heart of an earthly being alone can scorn.

We read of the Mary of old who had seven devils cast out of her, and then she was the first to welcome the risen author of her freedom from the power of sin; and I think there are some who bear the name, even at the present day, who would have to cast out as many desires to do mischief, ere they would be the first at the tomb of a long-buried truth, to welcome its rising splendor, or stretch out a hand to touch the garb that surrounded it, that a blessing might flow therefrom.

And in conclusion, let me say to Mrs. T. that, I believe if she would heed the message sent her, she would receive the great truth there promised, and also "be better and wiser, and more truly an apostle of the cause of Spiritual Truth."

Truly yours, in the cause of Love, Truth, Harmony and Progression, OSCAR D. HAVEN.

The Spirit Era.

BY MRS. MARY S. COFFIN.

We hail this New Era! it cometh from Heaven,
On the minds of the faithful—there dawneth a ray;
We bask in the sunshine of glory thus given,
And bless God that the darkness is fading away.

The Inspired go forth, like the Sun in his might,
Their course is transcendent—'tis awfully high—
The path of believers is flooded in light,
It illumines the earth, and 't will flash in the sky.

'Round our own rolling sphere, in the blue arch above,
The shadowy spirits of mystery roam;
They gather around the bright altar of Love,
Shedding halo amid the dear circle of Home.

My Guardian has told me to press on my way,
He ever was with me—at morning and even';
Then why should a shadow e'er darken my day,
When I feel that his loved voice will greet me in Heaven?

NANTUCKET, July 20, 1852.

Interesting Facts for the Tele h.

BRO. BRITTAN: The following incidents are important, as they show, *conclusively*, the action of an intelligence higher than that of the medium or circle, and confirm the apparent presence of the departed with their friends on the earth.

About the middle of July last, a letter was received at this place, from a gentleman in Iowa, in answer to that of friends, announcing to him the death of a favorite brother, in Ohio. This was the first intimation of his brother's death which this gentleman had received from any *earthly* source; and with reference to *spiritual* information, previously given, he says, in the letter in question:

"About two weeks ago, as we were conversing with what professed to be spirits, the chair began to move rapidly. We asked the agent to write its name, through a medium present. She took the pen, and it wrote "Lysander H. Knight," (the deceased brother's name,) and said he had been dead several weeks. But I could not consider it a truth 'till I received your letter containing the sad tidings."

In Winchester, N. H., last spring, a lady died suddenly, of the measles. Just previous to her death she had presented a little token of remembrance to a female friend who was about removing to Greenfield, Mass. Not long after, the friend thought she would take advantage of an opportunity to send the Winchester lady some little gift in return for her's; but it rained, and she could not conveniently go abroad to purchase it. She therefore delayed it for the time being. That very day, was written out to her by the hand of a medium: "*It was well you did not send it, for I was dead and gone before it could have reached me.*"

Yours cordially, D. J. MANDELL.

From our Private Correspondence.

We extract the following from a recent letter received from a clerical friend who resides at Wheeling, Virginia. Several mediums of a similar description to those mentioned below have been developed in different directions.

"We have, out in Ohio, a little girl, who knows nothing of the mute alphabet, and by spiritual influence, converses through its signs. It is attributed to the spirit of a mute, formerly residing in that vicinity. . . . . This case is also somewhat novel, and may be worth noticing: A medium, near this place, has commenced writing *Latin*; she already writes *fonography*, interspersed with celestial characters. . . . Some new mediums are developing.

"I have challenged our opponents to debate, in order to silence them, and to get our cause fairly before the public here. J. B. W."

Mrs. S., a gifted friend in the central part of this State, writes the Editor as follows:

"I may, at some future time, draw upon the storehouse of memory for some Spiritual facts, which have long slumbered there; fearing the scoff of the skeptic has hitherto kept me silent, but I believe there is a time now dawning upon us when we shall no longer hide the light given us under a bushel. . . .

"I am supplied with a number of papers, but have none that I greet so cordially as the TELEGRAPH, loaned me by a friend. It ministers to my spiritual and higher nature which craves a kindred aliment, and which, in past years, has nearly starved on the husks and verbiage dressed up by the sensuous and unbelieving in spiritual illumination."

Mrs. S., we have caused the back numbers of the TELEGRAPH to be forwarded to your address. Our disposition of your favor will be obvious at the first glance, and a draft on that "*house*" will be gratefully received.

Those who jump at the conclusion that the TELEGRAPH is likely to foster Infidelity, had better read the following, from among a great number of similar testimonies which might be given. It is from a friend who resides at Columbus, Pa.:

FRIEND PARTRIDGE: I find there are a number of copies of the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH taken in this region of country, and so far from inducing Infidelity, I am satisfied it is doing *much good*, by removing skepticism in regard to a future, immortal existence. Numbers within the limits of my acquaintance who were formerly skeptical, or total disbelievers in a future existence, are now rejoicing in the strong hope of an immortal, conscious, individual existence; and we are no longer disposed to war with that Gospel through which "life and immortality are brought to light."

Success to your enterprise, and may the blessing of God attend you. Very truly, yours, N. S.

New-York Conference.

FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

[WEEKLY REPORT.]

FRIDAY, August 20, 1852.

Present: Mr. Partridge, Dr. Gray, Dr. Hallock, Dr. Smith, J. N. Stebbins, H. E. Schoonmaker, George Freeman, R. P. Amber, and lady, C. Hoffman, W. W. Woodruff, (of Georgia,) L. Deming, M. B. Ackerman, J. K. Ingalls, J. A. Tanell, D. H. Jacques, John G. Maxwell, C. Volney King, J. B. King, Dr. O. H. Wellington, P. Hammond Johnson, (of Cincinnati,) and four others.

Mr. Partridge spoke of the commentary on Heaven and Hell by the Spirits which had been read to the Conference, and said that very early in life he was saved from a belief in endless torment by the same considerations, presented in a sermon preached to inforce that doctrine, from the parable of the rich man and Lazarus. The contrast between the condition of these two men was vividly set forth; the one as writhing in torment, imploring the other to dip his finger even, in water to cool his parching tongue, while the latter reveled in luxury, praising God for *his* happy condition, which was not in the least disturbed, nor he moved with sympathy, as he looked down on his suffering brother. This knowledge of a suffering brother outside, to whose wants he could not minister, robbed Heaven of its glory, and to his organism (the speaker's) it would be nothing superior to Hell. His heart was not hard enough to desire such a heaven.

He said, it is painfully interesting to see our friends writh under the weight of evidence of spiritual intercourse; some who have heretofore had no faith in clairvoyance are now contending that all the communications, and demonstrations even, are made through this agency, while others reluctantly admit the spiritual origin, but affect to believe it is all the work of the Devil.

He exhorted the friends to speak kindly with those brothers who are in that fiery ordeal through which we have passed, and while we aid the one to acquire a knowledge of what clairvoyance is, let us present the works of this spiritual agency to the other, that he may know its influence tends to ameliorate the condition of man. Present to him cases where the sick have been healed, the maniac brought to his right mind, the mourner comforted, and the materialistic mind reclaimed and inspired with a living faith in a happy immortality. "Give the Devil his due," said Mr. Partridge, and if found engaged in the same good work with the pious accuser, let the latter stretch forth the right hand of fellowship, and let joy resound through earth and heaven at the conversion of the prince of evil.

Dr. Gray spoke against *party spirit* in this thing; we must not presume to think we are in any way *infallible*, and should a friend not see exactly as we do, let us not harbor any improper feelings toward him, or cast him from our social regards.

A gentleman present read several communications, given to a circle of which he was a guest on Wednesday evening last, and by permission of some of the circle who were present, they are herewith furnished for publication. They are as follows:

"Who can say it, 'I am free as God made'? My dear friends, it is sometimes very difficult to express our sentiments in words. What matter who speaks, so long as you feel a witness in your own souls that what is said, is said to benefit mankind and advance the *Truth!* Why, my dear friends, my soul is filled with love toward you. I daily lift my desires to the Divine Giver of every good thing, for your welfare and eternal happiness in the life to come. I will strive to watch over you as a circle."

Signed, "JOHN COLLINGWOOTH."

Again:

"I have long taken a deep interest in the progress of this circle. I have called a *circle* together, and now imagine your guardian spirits assembled in a circle encircling your circle, willing and anxious to gratify your every wish: you must suspend your judgment, and wait patiently for further developments, which will set believers right."

Signed, "ANN BILLINGS."

Again:

"Dear John, it is a pleasure to address thee, now and then, after a lapse of many years. This new mode of conversing is no less interesting to thy mother than to thee. It greatly adds to the enjoyment and happiness of thy friends here to see thee happy, looking forward with composure to the change from one sphere to another."

And again:

"I will add a little to what has already been said: Keep calm—let skeptics scoff—bigots rave—the press ridicule—keep an eye on the pulpit, there will be a mighty onslaught by the clergy soon; bow straight, keep cool, and welcome them into your ranks."

Signed, "LORENZO DOW."

It was remarked by one: "I should like to know what he meant by 'onslaught by the clergy?'" He replied: "You *would*, were you to visit all the churches." The same gentleman spoke of a "fiery ordeal" through which, he thinks, believers in the phenomena will have to pass. He thinks we ought not to argue with skeptics when it is possible to avoid it. He recommended exertions of a missionary kind—spoke of the utility of showing, from the Bible, the instances of Spiritual Manifestations which it contains. He went further, and proposed the holding of at least one service of a religious character, on the Sabbath. He was also of opinion that the services at "Friendship Hall," on Tuesday evenings, had been of immense importance in bringing the subject prominently before the public, and in thus disabusing the minds of many, who had supposed that its friends were Infidels. He suggested the propriety of having two public meetings during the week—one at the "Hall," and the other in a different part of the city; one of which should be on Sabbath evening. He urged, too, that the expenses, which would not perhaps exceed ten dollars per week, should not be borne by the few, who had hitherto borne this burden, but that a subscription, payable weekly or monthly, be taken up among the friends to meet this. He assured the Conference that he had been fully convinced of the *truth* of Spiritual Manifestations, by a number of remarkable tests within the last three weeks.

Mr. Partridge said that several friends, who had large experience in spiritual phenonmena, had signified their willingness to speak upon the subject at any suitable place which the friend should provide, in or out of the city (at reasonable distance) asking nothing but their traveling expenses paid; and he hoped those wanting to hear upon this interesting subject, whether believers or unbelievers, would show their appreciation of this generous offer by immediately arranging for such lectures, giving reasonable notice of the time and place.

Mr. Ingalls said, the friends in Williamsburg were making arrangements for public meetings, and that they would be willing to coöperate with the New York friends in disseminating our views in lectures, &c.

Mr. Johnson, from Cincinnati, was present last Sunday in Springfield, where some three hundred persons were assembled, and while remarks were being made by several persons, "raps" frequently occurred. He would recommend that those who investigate this subject should not ask for *tests*, and then they would, he thought, receive many such. This had been his experience. The cause is rapidly progressing in Cincinnati. He related a remarkable cure which occurred in a circle in that city, which he attended: A person had a severe cold; she could not speak above a whisper. The "medium" was impressed to go to her and pat her throat, and in a very few moments she was entirely relieved and enabled to speak aloud, and was no more troubled with hoarseness.

Mr. Woodruff, from Georgia, said they had a circle for the investigation of this subject in his town; they have some "mediums" for writing, and the friends are eager to get all the interesting reading matter upon this subject. Adjourned.

R. T. HALLOCK, Sec'y.

Experiments and Experiences.*

BY D. J. MANDELL.

Epistle V.

Spiritual Demonstrations in General.

FRIEND AND BRO. IN SPIRITUAL INVESTIGATION:

The successful experiments, in connection with Mrs. C. and N., recorded in my last, became the nucleus around which gathered the interest and attention of the entire "region round about." Numbers became engaged in investigating and experimenting for themselves, several additional rapping media were developed, and there were numerous attempts at writing, tipping, etc.; but inasmuch as many media aimed merely to see how much they could accomplish, by virtue of their own will, I, of course, interested myself to procure such results as would exhibit the presence and influence of an intelligence, independent of the mind of the medium. Mental questions were resorted to, and answers obtained, without any knowledge on the part of the medium as to what the questions were. Sometimes the raps, or tips, would be requested to indicate who were media in a circle, or neighborhood, or even at a distance, and the persons indicated were, almost invariably, found to be such. The stand, in some cases, would be requested to move in a given direction, and to a certain point, in accordance with the mental desire of different individuals in the company, all which would be fulfilled to the letter, without any knowledge on the part of the medium as to what was to be done. Spirits were also requested to introduce themselves by announcing their names, and in this way many names were obtained with which the media were not acquainted, and some of which were not, for the time being, known to any of the company. It is my purpose, in this letter, to give you, in detail, the most important of the above-mentioned facts.

Shortly after the first occurrence of the "tippings" among us, a young lady from the neighborhood spent an afternoon at my house. She said the stand would move under her hands, but that every thing seemed to come in accordance with her own mind. We immediately instituted experiments to show that there was something *beyond* her own mind in the influence that was acting through her. The stand moved, correctly, to the mental request of different persons in the room; two ladies were announced to be media, who were not previously known to be such, and one of these ladies was, at the time of the announcement, fifteen miles off! The announcement was, in both cases, correct, and subsequently, through the two ladies mentioned, several names were spelled out, of persons at a distance, who were likewise declared to be media. One was a name entirely unknown; the other two were acquaintances of persons in the company. Only one has been heard from, and on trial she found herself to be so much of a medium that her friends were apprehensive it would injure her to operate.

Persons frequently consulted me as to the probability of themselves or friends being media. I would generally direct them to try for themselves, or inquire at some sitting. A lady, residing in a distant town, followed my directions in the two-fold sense. By a little experiment in her own behalf, she found herself to be a medium; after which, when absent from home, she sat down to a stand alone, and desired to know whether any members of her family, beside herself, were media. Two were indicated—a boy and a girl. On returning home she applied the test, and *both* were found to be quite capable in the work. Nothing very remarkable, in the way of communications, was ever obtained through the boy, but the spirits frequently indicated through him who were media, and with remarkable correctness. On one occasion, a Methodist lady who resided some distance off, was informed through him that a daughter of her's was a medium for the rappings, and that if she would try, on a subsequent evening, the spirits would convince her of it. She *did* try, and the "sounds" were given at the first sitting, through the daughter indicated, who continued to have them, with increasing power, whenever called for, and frequently when engaged about her every-day affairs.

Last winter a young man of my acquaintance was taken ill, away from home, and made his way to my house, with a view of being carried from thence to his family. It was thought best to have him remain till he was better, and his mother came over to nurse him. She had never heard the rappings, and a medium was called, through whom the name of the young man's deceased father was at once given, with the following message to the mother:

"Dear wife: I am happy. Prepare to meet me. Our son will meet me soon in Heaven!"

The young man was not then considered dangerously ill, but shortly, alarming symptoms set in, and, in a few days, despite the most judicious care, he passed away from earth.

On one occasion, when a small company at my house were amusing themselves with the "tippings," a gentleman unexpectedly entered. The stand immediately began a series of striking gyrations, which led us to believe that something peculiar was wanted. The alphabet was called and the name (I believe) of "George Field" was spelled. The gentleman who had just then entered was a skeptic on the subject, but we observed that when the given name was made out, and the letters F-i-e, were given, he exhibited great interest in the subject and drew up near the stand. The name, in full, was that of a former friend of his, of whom all in the room but himself were ignorant. He had not been heard from for a long time. The manifestations indicated that he had died in Liverpool, England; and nothing to the contrary has been heard since.

Subsequently to this, in the same room, the name "William Dexter" was announced at the stand. None could make out what it meant, till one happened to remember that a gentleman from the West by the name of Dexter was visiting at a neighbors. Inquiries were made, and it was ascertained that he had a cousin at the West by the name of William, and the spirit purported to be *that cousin, lately deceased*. This instance was not confirmatory of the death of the said William Dexter, but it showed the action of an intelligence independant of the minds of all present, when the name was announced.

About the time of this latter occurrence, I was invited to conduct a sitting at a neighbor's, with reference to affording an opportunity to a young clergyman to witness something of the manifestations. A name was here spelled out which none of the family recognized, and of which the said young clergyman, at first, denied any knowledge. I called for a message, and this was given: "Believe this is Spiritual." Thinking it singular that no relative of the family, and especially that no one whom the young minister could remember should announce himself, I inquired if the spirit of any of *his* friends were present? Almost before the response could be given, he spoke sharply, and said, "I wish not to hear from any of *my* friends through any such means!" I found there was considerable pride and prejudice aboard the little man, and pretty strongly suspected that there was more in the announcement of that name than he was willing to acknowledge. After considerable conversation, direct and indirect, he confessed to a knowledge of the person whose name had been given as aforesaid; it was that of a *black barber*, who had died some time before, and who, during his life-time, had resided in the clergyman's native village. The latter had been well acquainted with him, but *despised* him; and, from what I could make out of the manifestation, take it all in all, I judged that his spiritual friends were present to communicate with him, but perceiving his strong repugnance to hear from his *friends* through the "tippings," they had resolved to shock his self-complacency by putting forward the *very one whom he detested most*. I have known selfish or skeptical arrogance to be rebuked in more ways than one. The following records a rebuke which was given for a worse fault:

In a town some twelve miles from this, a most worthy man had died, leaving his aged wife to the care of a son. He shortly, took a help-mate, and being naturally of a surly disposition, joined with her to restrict the old lady in her domain and privileges. The matter went on till the misconduct of the man toward his mother became common talk. Shortly a marked change came over the son. He appeared to be peculiarly serious when coming in from work one day, and said to his mother: "Mother, you may do and say what you please, I shall never treat you ill again!" A relative who had visited the house, intimated that the son had been warned by the voice of his deceased father, when in the open air. Soon after, I was at a friend's, in the neighborhood—a medium with me. The old lady, her son, and others, were in at a sitting. She tarried after they had left, and requested a communication. Her deceased husband's name, which the medium only partly knew, was correctly given, in *full*, and at her request that he should tell her what he said to their son, which so affected him, the following was spelled: "*I have seen your treatment to your mother. Go and do better hereafter, or I will appear to you!*"

I might as well close with a curious incident which took place on a journey. My wife was with me, and a young lady—a very good medium. At a certain place, where the movements of the stand had caused considerable amusement to the uninitiated, the young lady said, after the sitting: "I am tired of being laughed at! If the spirits can communicate one way they can another, and for my part I should like to have them *speak right out!*" I told her that, if she should hear a spirit-voice it would not convince any one but herself, and it would be very easy to call it *imagination. Well, she would like to hear one!* The next day, we were in another town, and having retired for the night, were suddenly awakened about midnight, by a summons from the young lady in question. "Did we call her?" "No!" "Well, somebody did, she had heard her name called twice!" Without thinking, I told her she was dreaming. She said, "No," for she was *up at the time*, and she had been sick all night. By this time, my own intuitions were fully aroused, and I began to have my mind directed to the means of easing her. I, however, let it pass, and told her she had better go back to bed, and get warm, and she might go to sleep. She returned to her room; but presently I heard her up again, groaning. (She had an aggravated attack of dysentery.) I immediately requested my wife to go and lie down by her and place the palm of her hand upon her bowels. She did so, and the patient at once passed off into a refreshing sleep, and had no return of her cholic. To this day, you can not make that young lady believe that she did not hear that voice, in the dead of the night. It seemed designed to impress her to go to our room and awake us, that we might, in turn, do what was requisite for her relief.

Till my next, and, I trust, from that time henceforth, I remain Yours cordially,

ATHOL, Mass. D. J. MANDELL.

* Embraced in a Series of Letters on Spiritual Intercourse and Manifestations, addressed to HENRY H. HALL, Esq., of New-York.

Mrs. Fish and the Misses Fox.

An error crept into our notice of these ladies, as published in our last issue—concerning their locality. Our readers will please observe that they are at No. 78 West Twenty-sixth-st.

Strangers can be entertained on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons, fram 3 to 5 o'clock; also, on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, from 8 to 10 o'clock.

☞ We bespeak a careful reading of the series of articles, on the nature and locality of the Spritual World, which we commence in this number. Mr. Courtney is always equal to his subject, and his articles can not but be universally interesting.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE BURNING STONES.

A Legendary Ballad.

BY C. A. JANVIER.

According to a tradition which is still preserved among the inhabitants, the City of Liege owed all its greatness to the discovery of coal in its neighborhood, by a poor blacksmith, who was without means to purchase charcoal, and, by the order of a mysterious visitor, heaped on his fire the black stones which he found in the mountain.

The blacksmith's shop is silent,
His furnace no more glows,
His anvil no more ringeth
Beneath his mighty blows;
His dwelling no more soundeth
With merry working song,
Trilled forth in lusty gladness
To speed his work along;
But moodily he leaneth
Upon his quiet forge,
And mournfully he gazeth
Far up the mountain gorge.

"Now wherefore art thou idle,
Thou stalwart man of might?
And wherefore hast thy furnace
No gleaming fire bright?
Come, come! and let us enter
This smoky house of thine,
And drink to happy future
A brimming cup of wine."
Thus spoke unto the blacksmith
A man of dwarfish frame,
Who seemed from earth uprising,
So suddenly he came.

"Right gladly wert thou welcome,
If aught to give were mine;
But lo! my wife and children
For bread in hunger pine.
And wherefore am I idle?
I'll tell thee, stranger, why:
One jot I've not of charcoal,
Nor silver more to buy."

"Go, quickly, up the mountain,
The black stones gather fast,
And pile them on thy furnace,
And ply the roaring blast."
Thus spoke the dwarf unto him,
And vanished from his sight,
While, all amazed, the blacksmith
Climbs up the rocky hight;
And, bringing stones, he heaps them
Upon the empty grate,
And swift the creaking bellows
He plies at rapid rate.

"Now, thanks to holy Peter,
And blessed be his name!"
The blacksmith cries, as he espies
Leap from the stones a flame,
"Oh, wife! Oh, wife and children!
A miracle is done!
Come! come and see how brightly
Blazes the burning stone!"

For bread no more the blacksmith
Did ever want again,
But rich he grew, and honored,
Among his fellow men.
And Liege, that mighty city
Of wealth and ease the home,
Owes all to him, the happy man,
Who found the burning stone.

From the Boston Investigator.

"Mysterious Rappings."

MR. EDITOR: For some weeks or more, Nature (as I understand the facts) has been displaying some of her most wonderful phenomena by and through the "medium" of my child—a girl of the age of twelve years; and, as I had hitherto been a disbeliever in "Mesmerism," psychology," or "rappings;" amazement and the whys and wherefores led me from the first until the present hour to take notes of the incidents as they transpired, the simple facts of which are herein detailed, leaving unbiassed minds to make up their own verdict, appending also the conclusions of my own mind in the investigations made:

A young lady and near neighbor of mine had become a "medium," and from time to time I had been invited to hear the "raps," all of which invitations I respectfully declined. My daughter, however, being present one evening, was recognised by the "raps," as a "medium," which was verified by her getting the "raps" on the first trial. Surprised and pleased, she, with some dozen or more, came into my house, and, like most women in their excitement, were loud in the recital of the new discovery—all talking at once; and in their incoherent jargon each seemed to vie with the other in their exhilarations, as they expected to see my skepticism put to the test. Holding in my hand at the time the Investigator, under the semblance of reading it, and while revolving in my mind some plan by which to detect "this sleight of hand" (as I then regarded it,) all was made quiet, the child seated, and the "raps" produced. I cautiously scrutinized, but, in spite of my sagacity, I was convinced there was no deception. I next supposed that some person privily charged the table with a "battery," but when subsequently I found she produced "raps" on the tables, pianos, chest, and doors, in any person's house, I was driven from this position.

As might be expected, my house was soon thronged by the curious, eager to witness the wonders of "Nature," converse with "spirits," or detect a "cheat." In my investigations, and, by desire of others, among whom were physicians, lawyers, and clergymen, I have subjected the "medium" to stand or sit barefoot, her hands gloved, and placed upon a shawl doubled; again, her hands have been placed upon glass plates, upon fur cuffs, upon another person's hands—with one hand—with one finger, and with no hands, and herself being six feet from the table, all this time—if in the evening, the leaves of the table were up, and a strong light placed under it, and no person within reaching distance, either of the table or "medium," and while thus situated, the table has, in five instances, before the Sheriff of the city, and numerous other credible persons, moved several feet by her desire and will, the facts of which, these persons are ready to testify to, under "oath," to which I add my pledge of honor, and if I possess no honor, my "oath" would not be regarded, save in a "Christian court" through deception.

Further tests have shown, that in the varied state of the atmosphere—the clear and cold—the warm and muggy—fogs or rain, the results are the same; and although the questions are more satisfactory on some occasions than on others, yet this fact is not attributable to the state of the weather, but is owing to the mind of the "medium," as affected by the company present. Where there exists a unanimity of mind, and a kindly feeling pervades, the results show that the sympathy of mind with mind produces correct responses. On the other hand, where there is a want of candor, and persons indulge in low jests and ridicule, nothing satisfactory appears.

One incident in particular illustrates the sympathetic principle. Her mother, on one occasion, had taken her to task for some disobedient act, which produced grief and tears. This was about tea-time, and while in this state of feeling, and her hands employed in eating, the "raps" came distinctly on three places simultaneously—on the table, on the back of her chair, and upon the paper of the wall. I have noticed, also, that the vigor or heaviness of the mind have their effect; and in this respect it operates and is analogous to the vagaries of the mind of most "writers," at one time being clear and vivid, at others quite dull.

Long communications are spelled, when persons in communication silently, and away from the "medium," have merely pointed at the letters. Mental questions are not only answered correctly by persons in communication, but the questions of others when whispered in the ear of the one in communication. My own opinion of the matter is, that it is "Mesmerism," or some other natural causality. I am, and have been, a total disbeliever in "spirits" of any kind and find no evidence in the present phenomena to change my mind, for I have discovered that no answers are given, save such as are known by the interrogators. The responses appear to be in accordance with the expectations or prepossessions of those present. In illustration of this theory, I will remark, that the results are strong or weak—corresponding with the associations formed between "Sampson" or some "infant" deceased. The medium who believes it to be "spirits" who are "rapping," when desired to ask the table or stove to "rap," fails to get a response at all.

From what I have now seen, my mind reverts back for a solution of events long transpired. Some twenty-two years ago, a sister of mine became afflicted with a scrofula, which affected her in various ways; at one time she became blind. She was at last prostrated very low. A council of Doctors was called, and agreed that the arm (which was affected at the time) must be amputated, or the patient would die. An old lady, a neighbor of ours, entreated of the family to have the hand of a corpse pass over the arm; and finally, more to please the old lady than any faith of their own, her parents had the thing done—when, strange to say! despite the predictions of the doctors, she lives to-day, the mother of children; and what I then regarded as an "old woman's whim," I now believe saved her life. The principle of the sympathetic and nervous system, I think is beginning to be better understood.

A gentleman in our city, a short time ago, had a leg taken off, and, to avoid the suffering consequent upon amputation, had recourse to chloroform, from which it was feared after the surgeon had completed his task, he would not recover. The surgeon in haste called for a bowl of water, in which he put a drop of blood fresh from the wound, watching it narrowly, while the arms and body were being chafed. At last he exclaimed, looking into the bowl, "It is well, the blood now circulates!" This he pretended to understand by the drop of blood, which, up to that time, had kept its shape, now beginning to spread and circulate.

This phenomenon among the many which now seems to engage the attention of the scientific, to me is new. I might present numerous other incidents, but my object has been merely to present a few facts, witnessed and attested by hundreds of reliable persons, and leave your readers to form, as I have done, ther own opinions.

JOHN EWEN, JR.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Feb. 27, 1852.

The Spirits in Philadelphia.

EXPERIENCE OF A MEDIUM.

I know nothing certainly of that broad and mystic domain which people denominate Supernaturalism. And I believe there can be no such thing as Supernaturalism. I have always been impressed with the opinion that, if we attain to intercourse with those who have passed higher than our sphere of life, such intercommunication will result from our progress, and be dependent alone upon the discovery of an eternally existing law of our being. This view may be irrational, but it has always been mine; and it is vain for any of us to think of controlling or setting aside our unsought convictions.

Harassed with many and serious business and domestic cares, and with a mind preoccupied, I have, until the beginning of last month, cared as little, indulged as little, as any other in the country, in that enthusiasm which rushes in headlong haste around the Spiritual "rappings."

And now, without any intention of my own, I am what folks call "a medium."

Visiting at the house of a friend when H. C. Gordon was present, I heard, for the second time, the "rappings;" but, such is the uncertainty in locating sound, and the many ways of producing it, that these were, to me, not convincing proofs of either spiritual or electrical agency. I was induced to form one of a circle; and the table we surrounded soon began to oscillate rapidly. My right arm was seized with a convulsive tremor, and though then in a "positive condition," it refused obedience to my will. I looked upon it with the same surprise that I would have regarded the arm of another, subject to the same wild and wondrous spell. A pencil and paper were lying on the table. *The pencil came into my hand;* my fingers were clenched on it! An unseen iron-grasp compressed the tendons of my arm—my hand was flung violently forward on the paper, and I wrote *meaning* sentences, without any intention, or knowing what they were to be. Such messages were thus addressed to me, and through others in the circle, so unexpected, and bearing strong interior evidence in structure of thought and language of having come from the loved and gone from whom they purported to come, that I yielded to the gush of bewildering emotion, as I would have done had I found myself suddenly in the society of all most dear to me. With bowed head, and my face covered with my left arm, I continued to write, swiftly, lengthy and intelligible replies to my questionings. Meanwhile, Gordon passed into a mesmeric trance, and described those who were about me, and among the rest, my father—his dark complexion, very black beard and hair, and exact hight—telling me all that I knew of him myself, though he had been born after his death, many hundred miles away from his grave, and never could have had the means of learning anything about him. He said that my hand rested in a cloud, while my guardian-spirit—my father—dictated to me.

Since then, whenever I am passive, day or night, my hand writes. The communications are always addressed to myself; and when advice has been given to regulate my arrangements and intercourse with others, it has been—like advice from other quarters—mostly unheeded. Once, however, being governed by this aerial interference, saved me from being in the railroad cars at the time of a serious accident.

It would be needless to add other facts. I know not whence the power comes, nor all that the mystery involves, but I *do* know that *some* "Spiritual Manifestations" are *not* the effects of judggery. I know that they sometimes exhibit proofs of physical strength and more than mortal intelligence. But, seemingly 'victimized' by impalpable friends, I continue strangely skeptical. Still, without mental volition, I write, and wonder at what is written.

In the enjoyment of this "intercourse" I am tranquil, happy, and—try to be—philosophic. It interferes, in no wise, with my health, appetite, and ordinary habits; nor would I willingly have those around me—with the exception of earnest, thoughtful inquirers—guess in what weird fantasia my seclusion is passed.

Is this insanity? If so, it is becoming genteel—it is epidemic craziness. There is some meager consolation for the man laboring under this "hallucination," in knowing that he shares it with many who have long been esteemed among the right-minded and right-hearted of every community, and those, too, who would neither practice deception, nor connive at it in others.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

The Spiritual Rappings.

MR. EDITOR: Conversing lately, with a highly intelligent friend, a clergyman, I was surprised to learn that he had paid some attention to the subject of spiritual manifestations; I say surprised, for I confess I had considered the matter as scarcely worthy of a thought. I listened, however, respectively to the statement and views which he presented, and skeptical as I was, yet I must say they were not without some interest. On Friday last, I was induced to accompany him to the *locus in quo*, rather as a compliment to him than for any advantage I expected to derive from the visit. Beside my friend and myself, there were professional gentlemen present, who certainly did not appear to be susceptible of being readily made the victims of a mere delusion. We were soon introduced to Mrs. Fish, with whom we formed a circle around a table, from which the cloth was removed, each placing the left hand on the right hand of the person at his side. We sat thus, in silence for some two or three minutes, when the raps were heard, and we were informed that a spirit was present who wished to make a communication to the company. The alphabet was then commenced by the medium, and a rap made at the letter B. Recommencing the alphabet, the next rap was at R—then in like manner at E, T, H, R, E, and N; and so on to the end of the communication; which, being short, I here copy:

"Brethren, have you not seen the need of a tangible manifestation to convince the skeptical man of his immortality? How many have refused to enter the portals of a church who would not refuse (prompted by curiosity) to investigate these rappings? Then, rejoice, that God in his great mercy and loving kindness has permitted ministering angels to knock at the door of the skeptic's heart to awaken him to sensibility."

There is nothing remarkable, it is true, in the communication itself; but those raps! If not made by spiritual agency, how the dickens are they made? I pride myself upon being as quick as most people in my perceptions, and as shrewd in my conjectures. But here is something that puzzles me confoundedly.

On the occasion referred to, one of the visitors was represented as being in communication with the spirit of his deceased mother. He put a number of test questions as to her age, last illness, and time of death, in relation to which not another present could possibly have had any knowledge whatever; but they were readily and correctly answered. The circle was rather abruptly broken up by the arrival of some of the family from the country. We are, however, promised another interview early this week, the results of which, also, I propose, with your kind permission, to give to the public.

It is very common to ask one who has "been there to see," what is his opinion about it? As to that, my position is like that of the man who was sued for an injury done to a horse, hired by him from the plaintiff. The defense was—1. That he returned the horse in a sound state. 2. That the horse was unsound when he hired him; and 3d. That he never had the horse at all. In like manner, I may answer, 1. That as a witness of facts, I have no right to give an opinion. 2. That it is not likely reflecting minds will be influenced by my opinion; and 3. That I have no opinion to express. I mean, however, to investigate the thing as fully as it is in my power to do; and if I can satisfactorily detect any deception, I shall freely and publicly express my convictions.

F. G.

From the Boston Post.

Spiritualism at the Melodeon.

Sunday morning a large congregation assembled, as usual, at the Melodeon to hear Theodore Parker, but, instead, the desk was supplied by the celebrated Andrew Jackson Davis, the "Poughkeepsie Seer," or "Spiritual Philosopher," as he is called. Mr. Davis somewhat resembles in stature Mr. Sunderland, the mesmerizer. He has not so dark a complexion as Mr. S., and has a higher forehead, but wears a similar savage-looking beard and moustache. He possesses a good, clear, musical voice. His discourse was written, and was read in a very distinct and impressive manner. The language used was the most classical. Each sentence was carefully constructed, and frequent passages were poetical in the highest degree. Many persons in the audience attended to hear Theodore Parker, and when Mr. Davis arose in the pulpit, mistook him for Mr. P. We heard a lady express surprise that Mr. Parker was so young, (Mr. Davis being about 25,) neither had she ever heard that Mr. Parker wore a moustache! She could now better understand why he had so many young persons to hear him every Sunday! But this good lady was still more surprised about the person she supposed to be Mr. Parker, when he announced his text, from Shakspeare: "*All the world's a stage*"—for such was Mr. Davis' text. The aim of his discourse was to prove the immortality of the soul. He believed that "old theology," as he termed it, has never satisfactorily shown this. He was "impressed to say" that the world, so far as it has become good or christianized, is altogether indebted for the same to philosophical developments, scientific discoveries, music and painting, in spite of the skilful preachings of theologians for the past 1800 years. The tendencies of "old theology," as preached now-a-days, was not to christianize. He said the world was made up of despotism, political discord and theological jargon. He wished to propose a new philosophy, which, unlike the theology of the testaments, should be free from inconsistencies, and tend to a perfect harmony. His theory on this subject he proposed to present in a series of discourses, some of which he said might be delivered from the same pulpit, and to which he only asked the attention of an impartial public, and a just verdict. He spoke of the various sectarian ideas of God, as preached and believed at the present time, to prove his assertion that "old theology" was an apple of discord. The most popular theological idea of God, he said, made him a fiendish monster who cast his own children away into everlasting torture forever. The Quaker God "with his plain brown coat," and other gods, differed somewhat from that idea. Then came the Universalist God—a being of a more forgiving, fatherly and heavenly character—a God of love—a God such as John the Baptist and St. Paul preached about, and whose praises were sung in the land of Judea. Such came near his idea of the true God.

The discourse was somewhat lengthy, but was listened to with the utmost attention throughout. Portions of it were very severe upon the present theology of the day. It contained many sound, practical, common-sense truths, and many doctrines that were undoubtedly very clear and interesting to the author himself, but to the writer appeared a good deal mystified. As one of the "players" on this great "stage," judging from what he proposes to do, Mr. Davis has undertaken "heavy business."

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

WE shall endeavor, in this paper, not to *force* opinions upon any one, but simply to suggest inquiries, that all may investigate, and think for themselves. We shall neither prescribe limits for others, nor erect an arbitrary standard for ourselves. While it will strive to avoid all acrimonious disputations, it will tolerate the most unlimited freedom of thought, imposing no checks except when liberty is made the occasion of offense. *It shall be free indeed*—free as the utterances of the spirits—subject only to such restraints as are essential to the observance of those friendly relations and reciprocal duties, which, with the very current of our lives, must flow into the great Divine Order and Harmony of the Race.

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THIS Magazine is devoted chiefly to an inquiry into the Laws of the Spiritual Universe, and a discussion of those momentous questions which are deemed auxiliary to the Progress of Man. It treats especially of the philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and presents, as far as possible, a classification of the various Psychical Conditions and Manifestations, now attracting attention in Europe and America. The following will indicate distinctively the prominent features of the work.

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